SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

POOR SOLDIER,

A

COMIC OPERA;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Mr. O'KEEFFE.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fitzroy, - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Patrick, - - - - - -	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Darby, - - - - - -	Mr. EDWIN.
Dermott, - - - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Father Luke, - - - - -	Mr. WILSON.
Bagatelle, - - - -	Mr. WEWITZER.
Norah, - - - - - -	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Kathleen, - - - - -	Mrs. MARTYR.

POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.

AIR I.——*Dermott.*

SLEEP on, ſleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace poſſeſs thy breaſt;
Yet doſt thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and reſt.

II.

The birds ſing ſweet, the morning breaks,
Thoſe joys are none to me:
Tho' ſleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes
To none but love and thee.

AIR

AIR II.——*Darby.*

Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find ſleep how very ſweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I poſt away,
To have with you a bit of play.
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

II.

Laſt night a little bowſy
With whiſkey, ale, and cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blowzy
To let me ſit beſide her.
Her anger roſe,
And four as ſloes,
The little gypſey cock'd her noſe;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night cap.

"Beneath

" Beneath the honey-ſuckle,
" The daiſy and the vi'let
" Compoſe ſo ſweet a truckle,
" They'll tempt you ſure to ſpoil it.
" Sweet Sal and Bell
" I've pleas'd ſo well—
" But hold, I muſtn't kiſs and tell.
" So here I've rid
" Along, to bid
" Good morrow to your night-cap."

[*Left out in repreſentation.*]

AIR III.——*Kathleen.*

SINCE Love is the plan,
I'll love if I can,
Attend, and I'll tell you what ſort of a man.
In addreſs how compleat,
And in dreſs ſpruce and neat,
No matter how tall, ſo he's over five feet:
Not dull, nor too witty;
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If ſparkling with pleaſure whenever we meet.

II.

Tho' gentle he be,
His man he ſhould ſee,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
In a ſong bear a bob,
In a glaſs a hob nob,
Yet drink of his reaſon, his noddle ne'er rob,
This is my fancy;
If ſuch a man can ſee
I'm his, if he's mine; until then, I am free.

DUETT.

DUETT.——*Kathleen and Darby.*

(AIR IV.)

Kath. OUT of my ſight, or I'll box your ears.
Darb. I'll fit you ſoon for your jibes and jeers.
Kath. I'll cock my cap at a ſmart young man,
Darb. Another I'll wed this day if I can.
Kath. In courtſhip funny,
Darb. Once ſweet as honey,
Kath. You drone.
Darb. No, Kate, I'm your humble bee,
Kath. Go, dance your dogs, with you fiddle de dee;
For a ſprightly lad is the man for me.
Both. Go, dance your dogs, &c.
Darb. You'll ne'er meet ſuch a kind ſoul as me.

II.

Kath. Like ſweet milk turn'd, now to me ſeems love,
Darb. The fragrant roſe does a nettle prove:
Kath. Sour curds I taſte, tho' ſweet cream I choſe,
Darb. And, with a flower, I ſting my noſe.
In courtſhip, &c.

AIR V.——*Norah.*

THE meadows look chearful, the birds ſweetly ſing,
So gaily they carrol the praiſes of ſpring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah ſhall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again ſhall return.

Ye laſſes of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms:
Tho' ſattins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with ſuch feeling as mine.

AIR VI.——*Fitzroy.*

FOR you, deareſt maiden, the pride of the village,
The town and its pleaſures I freely reſign;
Delights ſpring from labour, and ſcience from tillage,
Where love, peace, and innocence, ſweetly combine:
Soft tender affection, what bliſs in poſſeſſing!
How bleſt when 'tis love that inſures us the bleſſing!
Careſs'd; ah, what rapture in mutual careſſing,
What joy can I wiſh for, was Norah but mine!

II.

The feaſts of gay faſhion with ſplendour invite us,
Where luxury, pride, and her follies attend;
The banquet of reaſon alone ſhould delight us,
How ſweet the enjoyment when ſhar'd with a friend!

Be

Be thou that dear friend, then my comfort, my
pleaſure,
A look is my ſun-ſhine, a ſmile is my treaſure:
Thy lips, if conſenting, give joy beyond mea-
ſure,
A rapture ſo perfect, what joy can tranſcend!

AIR VII.——*Patrick.*

HOW happy the Soldier who lives on his pay,
And ſpends half-a-crown out of ſix-pence a day!
Yet fears neither juſtices, warrants or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

IIII.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His King finds him quarters, and money, and
clothes:
He laughs at all ſorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

The

III.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleaſure, as well as to fight.
No girl when ſhe hears it, tho' ever ſo glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

[*This Song not written by Mr. O'Keeffe.*]

AIR VIII.——*Patrick.*

THE wealthy fool with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer:
Give me but health, I aſk no more,
My little girl, my friend and pitcher.

(*Not ſung*) " My friend ſo rare,
" My girl ſo fair,
" With ſuch, what mortal can be richer.
" Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
" With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

" From

II.

" From morning ſun I'd never grieve,
" To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
" If that, when I come home at eve,
" I might enjoy my friend and pitcher."
(Not ſung) My friend ſo rare, &c.

III.

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her;
With all my heart, can I be poor
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

AIR IX.——*Patrick and Norah.*

Pat. A Roſe tree full in bearing,
Had ſweet flowers fair to ſee;
One roſe beyond comparing,
For beauty, attracted me.

Tho'

Tho' eager then to win it,
Lovely, blooming, freſh and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

Nerah. How fine this morning early,
All ſun-ſhiny, clear, and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' loſt now each fond delight.
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
Sunny beams no more are ſeen;
Farewell, ye fleeting hours,
Your falſehood has chang'd the ſcene.

Duett. How fine, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

AIR I.—*Kathleen.*

DErmott's welcome as the May,
Chearful, handſome, and good-natur'd;
Fooliſh Darby, get away,
Aukward, clumſy, and ill-featur'd!
Dermott prattles pretty chat;
Darby gapes like any oven:
Dermott's neat from ſhoe to hat;
Darby's but a dirty ſloven.
Lout, looby,
Silly booby,
Come no more to me a courting:
Was my deareſt Dermott here,
All is joy, and gay ſporting.

II.

Dermott's teeth are white as egg,
Lip as ſweet as ſugar-candy;
Then he's ſuch a handſome leg!
Darby's knocked-kneed and bandy.

Dermott

Dermott walks a comely pace;
Darby like an aſs goes ſtumping:
Dermott dances with ſuch grace!
Darby's dance is only jumping.
Lout, looby,
Silly booby, &c.

AIR II.—*Darby.*

THO' late I was plump, round and jolly,
Yet now I'm as ſlim as a rod:
Oh, love is the cauſe of my folly,
And ſoon I lie under a ſod!
Sing didtherum-doodle,
Nagetty-tragetty-rum,
And gooſetherum-foodle,
Fidgetty-nidgetty-mum.

II.

Dear Kathleen, then why did you flout me,
A lad that's ſo coſey and warm?
Oh, ev'ry thing's handſome about me,
My cabin and ſnug little farm,
Sing didtherum, &c.

ACT II.

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Oh, ev'ry thing's handſome about me,
My cabin and ſnug little farm,
Sing didtherum, &c.

III.

What tho' I have ſcrap'd up no money;
No duns at my chamber attend;
On Sunday I ride on my poney,
And ſtill have a bit for a friend.
Sing didtherum, &c.

IV.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The ſparrow, the pigeon and dove;
Oh how all this courting confounds me,
When I look and I think of my love!
Sing didtherum, &c.

AIR III.---*Norah.*

Farewell ye groves and cryſtal fountains,
The gladſome plains and ſilent dell;
Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,
And welcome now a lonely cell.
And oh farewell, fond youth moſt dear!
Thy tender plaint, the vow ſincere,
We'll meet and ſhare the parting tear,
And take a long and laſt farewell.

AIR

AIR IV.----*Pat.*

Tho' Leixlip is proud of its cloſe ſhady bowers,
Its clear falling waters and murmuring caſcades,
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of ſweet flowers,
Its lads ſo well dreſs'd, and its neat pretty maids;
As each his own village muſt ſtill make the moſt of,
In praiſe of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may boaſt of;
'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my ſong.

II.

Be gentlemen fine, with their ſpurs and nice boots on,
Their horſes to ſtart on the Curragh of Kildare;
Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new ſuits on,
Lac'd waiſtcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair;

Poor

Poor Pat; while ſo bleſt in his mean, humble
ſtation,
For gold or for acres he never ſhall long;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a
nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my
ſong.

AIR V.---*Pat.*

From Norah when parted, can ſorrow increaſe?
No, life and my ſorrows together ſhall ceaſe;
I fear'd not the cannon, the muſket or ſword,
Farewell has more terror----for death's in that
word!
Poor Patrick's reſerv'd for a fate more ſevere,
What's danger or death to the loſs of my dear!
Farewell then, my Norah, adieu to ſweet peace;
Ah ſay, cruel fate, when my ſorrows ſhall ceaſe!

AIR

AIR VI.——*Fitzroy.*

THE Spring with ſmiling face is ſeen,
To uſher in the May;
And nature clad in mantle green,
All ſprig'd with flow'rets gay:
The feather'd ſongſters of the grove,
Then join in harmony and love.

II.

The lark that ſoaring cleaves the ſkies,
Low builds her humble neſt;
The rambling boy that finds the prize,
Is ſure ſupremely bleſt.
For when the tuneful bird is flown,
He haſtes, and marks it for his own.

*AIR.

*AIR VII.----*Dermott.*

Dear ſir, this brown jug that now foams with
mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to ſweet Kate of the
vale,
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirſty old ſoul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boozing about, 'twas his praiſe to excell,
And amongſt jolly topers he bore off the bell.

II.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And Time into clay had reſolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of old Toby he form'd this brown
jug.
Now ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely ſweet Kate of the vale.

* *This Song not written by Mr. O'Keeffe.*

AIR VIII.——*Father Luke.*

YOU know I'm your Prieſt, and your conſcience is mine;
But if you grow wicked, it's not a good ſign,
So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're ſettled for life.
Sing Ballynamono, Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

II.

The banns being publiſh'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as ſnow;
So modeſt her air, and ſo ſheepiſh your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
Sing, &c.

III.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
She bluſhes at love, and ſhe whiſpers, obey.
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I ſhut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing, &c.
That ſnug little guinea for me.

AIR IX.

Father Luke, Dermott, Darby and *Kathleen.*

I.

Kath. to Derm.) You the point may carry,
If a while you tarry.
To Darby.) But for you,
I tell you true,
No, no, you I'll never marry.
Chorus. You the point, &c.

II.

Derm. Care our ſouls diſowning,
Punch our ſorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever prove
Joys our wiſhes crowning.
Chorus: Care our, &c.

III.

Dar. To the church I'll hand her.
(Offers to take her.
Then thro' the world I'll wander;
(She refuses,
I'll ſob and ſigh,
Until I die,
A poor forſaken gander.

Chorus. To the church, &c.

IV.

F. Lu. Each pious prieſt ſince Moſes,
One mighty truth diſcloſes;
You're never vext,
If this the text,
Go fuddle all your noſes.

Chorus. Each pious, &c.

III.

AIR X.——*Darby.*

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd ſo untrue,
Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
No longer I'll ſtay here a clown,
But ſell off, and gallop to town:
I'll dreſs, and I'll ſtrut with an air,
The barber ſhall frizzle my hair.

VI.

In town I ſhall cut a great daſh;
But how for to compaſs the caſh.
At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
With cards I can take the flats in,
Or trundle falſe dice, and they're nick'd;
If found out, I ſhall only be kick'd.

But firſt for to get a great name,
A duel eſtabliſh my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write;
But firſt, I'll be ſure he won't fight.
We'll ſwear not to part till we fall,
Then ſhoot with out powder, and the devil a ball.

FINALE.

Fitz. What true felicity I ſhall find,
When thoſe are join'd,
By fortune kind,
How pleaſing to me,
So happy to ſee,
Such merit and virtue united!

Norah.

Norah. No future ſorrows can grieve us,
If you will pleaſe to forgive us.
To each kind friend,
Thus we lowly bend,
Your pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted.

Cho. No future, &c.

Pat. With my commiſſion, yet deareſt life,
My charming wife,
When drum and fife
Shall beat up to arms,
The plunder your charms,
In love your poor Soldier you'll find me.

Kath. This love, my wiſhes has granted;
I get the dear lad that I wanted.
Leſs pleas'd with a Duke,
When good Father Luke,
To my own little Dermott has join'd me.

Cho. This love, &c.

Dar. You impudent huſſey, (*Dermott* frowns)
a pretty rate,
Of love you prate.
But hark ye, Kate,
Your little dear lad,
Will find that his pad
Has got a nice---kick in her gallop.

F. Lu.

F. Lu. Now, Darby, upon my ſalvation,
You merit excommunication.
In love but agree,
And ſhortly you'll ſee,
In marriage I'll ſoon tie you all up.

Cho. Now, Darby, &c.

Derm. The devil a bit o'me cares a bean,
For neat and clean
We'll both be ſeen,
Myſelf and my laſs,
Next Sunday at maſs;
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

Pat. The laurel I've won in the field, Sir,
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir;
Nor think it a ſhame,
Your mercy to claim:
Your mercy's my ſword and my ſhield, Sir.

CHORUS OF MEN.

The laurel and bays,
Revive by your praiſe:
Our Poet ſolicits your pardon.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Then be not ſevere,
With ſmiles you can cheer,
The poſies of your Covent-Garden.

GENTLE CHORUS.

The laurel, &c.

THE END.

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